

# AMERICAN DOLLS COPIES OF REAL CHILDREN



Miss Simplicity the Quaker Girl.



Giving Faces Flesh Tints.



Dorothy Dainty.

**A**merican dolls for American children! That is the slogan now that the American character doll has a firmly established place of its own. What would our ancestors have thought when they were small and cherished tenderly such a poor makeshift of a baby doll as a corn cob or clothespin affair could they have had a vision of the doll of 1912 which so closely resembles a real youngster? Rag dolls and wax dolls have had their day, as well as the delicate bisque beauties which not only gave pleasure to small owners but also gave sorrow because of untimely destruction. They are indeed real friends to childhood who have invented an unbreakable doll which is not only good but beautiful.

The American doll is intended to be an appearance of a small child of the American child. With that end in view the manufacturers have employed artists who study American youngsters and make their drawings and mould their clay model heads right from living, animated little models. These dolls are no simple figures; instead they closely resemble wholesome, hearty little youngsters who are as happy as can be.

The makers of such dolls have also on the gratitude of little mothers who rep their babies sometimes and now have a prospect of picking them up whole. How happy the small girl is to have a doll that is vigorous enough to endure the accidents of everyday life without injury. And if she could once through the factory which is the birthplace of her doll she would surely see that she was behind the scenes with Santa Claus, right in his own workshop.

First of all this patriotic young American doll has a head which is unbreakable. It is made of some composition which you can see in big vats cooking away and reminding you just a little bit of molasses and. Next the molds are shown. The ot, thick, candylike stuff is poured in, ie two pieces of the mould are fastened together and the whole thing put away in the ice box to cool and harden. Yes, here's a regular ice box as big as a room, he guide says that it takes about a week for the head to harden.

Not far away is a barrel full of loose eads. Sitting beside them is a man who akes out the heads one at a time and aints them over rapidly with a sort of ink paint which serves as a foundation or their beautiful complexions. As fast as he finishes one he puts it up on a spike o dry, and the sight of the rows upon rows of heads reminds one of the scenes ne has read about in the history books hen after a battle or massacre heads ere fastened up on the walls.

Miss Doll has a beauty parlor of her wn and the work is so well done there hat she has no fear of losing her pretty ink cheeks or of getting wrinkled or aying the curl come out of her shining ecks. An air brush sprays on the color s carefully and daintily as the most astidious could demand, and rosy cheeks, elicately pencilled eyelashes and eye- rows and the prettiest hair, curly or raight, golden, chestnut or black, ap- ear as if by magic.

Miss Doll's head is being made in one

part of the building while in another part work on the rest of her anatomy is going forward vigorously. In the cutting department the foreman wields a long razor edge cutting knife with which he cuts out ninety-six arms, legs or bodies at once, all of pink cambric, real flesh color. These are taken to the sewing room next and long rows of girls and young women, each with a power machine before her, are busily stitching up the various parts separately.

The arms and legs are stuffed with ground cork. Then the jointers get to work and fasten the arms and legs to the bodies in such a way that they can be moved at will, and the doll may sit, stand or walk as the owner desires. Then for the cork stuffing department. Just imagine a big box that resembles a sand pile with a lot of headless bodies sitting around. The people that make these dolls for American children are fully aware of the dangers to which dolls are subjected, so they not only construct unbreakable heads, but they have also decided upon cork as the proper stuffing material, and therefore if Miss Doll should have the misfortune to fall into the water when she is away at the seashore in the summer she will not sink, but instead will float and may be much more easily rescued. The stuffing process completed, the head is adjusted.

The dressmaking department is important and is a perfect miniature of a real dressmaker's establishment. There are cutters, designers and seamstresses who work as painstakingly as though they were making clothes for real people. The designers are familiar with the very latest things for children and they must be just as careful in planning Miss Doll's wardrobe as though they were planning that of the little girl who is to own her. The measurements are carefully made and very often the doll must have several fittings. Whether the skirt shall be a quarter of an inch longer or shorter is a serious question and calls for a consultation.

When the dresses and other garments are finally decided upon and the patterns made, a hundred or more pieces for each part of a garment are cut out at once and are then sewn up. Middy blouses, guimpe dresses, rompers, the regulation clothes for "long babies" and for "short babies" as well, play aprons, baseball clothes for the little boy dolls, cowboy togs—a great variety of costumes are provided for these up to date dolls! At last all go to the big assembling department where the clothes are distributed, and where the dolls are dressed. Then at last they are boxed and are all ready to be delivered to little children, who rejoice heartily in dolls that look alive and like real little girls and boys.

One of the most fascinating of these character dolls has a double face. She illustrates the old nursery rhyme:

There was a little girl,  
And she had a little curl,  
Right in the middle of her forehead,  
And when she was good,  
She was very, very good,  
But when she was bad, she was horrid!

The little curl shows plainly and so do

the "good" and "horrid" expressions. There are babies, smiling or serious. One is dressed in rompers which have buttons and so may be taken off and put on at will. Another has a little cart to ride in. A pair of youngsters wear little play aprons or dresses with the figures of children, animals and Indians upon them. The Texas Tommies are as lively as one could desire and they are dressed in the most appropriate cowboy toggery with soft hats, gay handkerchiefs and ties, and

imposing belts with pistols and holsters. Swat Milligan is just the right sort of player to make a spectacular play and win the game for his baseball team. Sis Hopkins is another lively looking young person with her hair tied up in bobs on top of her head.

Sassy Sue is the image of the type of healthy, active, small girl known to her admiring but ofttimes despairing family as tomboy. She looks exactly like the kind of child who could discover the whereabouts of the jam pot and cooky jar within five minutes after she has entered upon the scene.

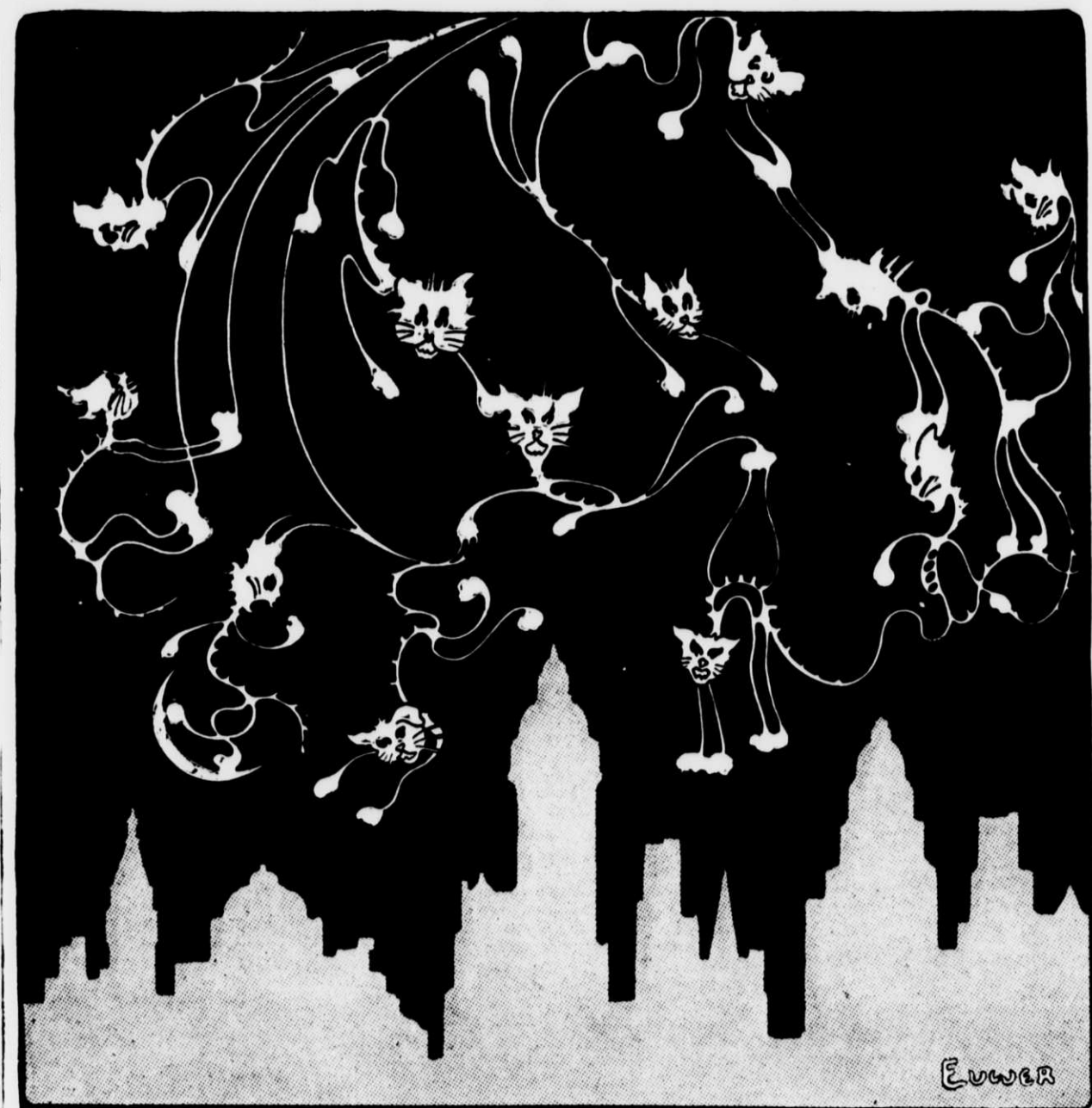
They have their own pets, too, have these dolls. There are ferocious looking bulldogs with heads made of that same unbreakable substance. Cats, with soft fur, long tails and amiable features lean up affectionately against the little girl dolls. They too have unbreakable heads and lifelike expressions.

It is interesting to note the evolution of the unbreakable character doll as it is made to-day in America. The real beginning was that enormously popular Teddy bear which the factories turned out in great quantities. From this grew the Teddy doll, a sort of Eskimo affair, which was really nothing more nor less than a Teddy bear with a bisque or celloid face, this latter being imported. Then came the fur bodied doll with the unbreakable face, a distinctly American product. Later the fur body was re-

placed by one of velvet and after that by one of satin.

By this time romper dresses which buttoned were being made and the delighted of the small people was unbounded when they were given dolls whose clothes could be put on and taken off at will and which, like the clothes, could really be washed. A doll all unbreakable was next put upon the market but it was very soon superseded by the cork bodied doll of to-day with unbreakable head and hands.

## FRIEND OF THE THREATENED CATS PLEADS AND WARNS



ASSEMBLY OF FELINE SPOOKS.

"Killin' cats is considered unlucky, 'specially by cats."

**CATS! CATS! CATS!** Whole bloomin' city full  
Goin' to be snitched up—oh, gee! ain't it  
Each one who hasn't a license for livin'  
Has got to go croakin', unblest and un-  
shriven.  
But vengeance will drop on the place that  
oppressed 'em  
When each goner's eight spirits come back  
to molest 'em.  
And the horror struck city will groan  
'neath the revuls  
And clamorous wails of the pussy ghost  
devils.

**O**NCE again history's repeatin' it-  
self. Some Herod's decreed a  
slaughterin' of the innocents;  
but this time instead of babies  
they're cats. The cat's crime is just  
plain existin' and if he can't get some  
one to go ball for him he's got to be  
promoted to glory whether he wants to  
or not. Now I'm not strong on the  
higher branches of learnin' and I s'pose  
the law thinks it knows what it's doin',  
but the more you find out about cats the  
more there's there is for every honest  
citizen to consider in this momentous  
crisis. He ought to lie awake nights  
thinkin' about it, and if he doesn't the  
cats ought to make him.

Accordin' to the law every useless cat  
that isn't licensed is to be snitched, and  
every cat's useless who hasn't got a col-  
lar round his neck with his name and  
address on. It may be he's spent his life  
catchin' thousands of rats that nobody  
knows anything about and then can't

find any one to give him a collar, let  
alone a hero medal, and has to end up by  
bein' juggled as a pauper. Why if a cat's  
just got one eye and three legs and his  
ears lopped off and his tail busted and  
all covered with mange and his ribs  
comin' through, with the wheeze and  
bronchitis and pleurisy and intermittent  
prip and everything else, he's some use—  
he makes people sorry for him and that's  
doin' something. Even if they're just  
ornamentin' steps they're helpin' on  
with municipal beauty, and if they didn't  
yell some at night there'd be nothin' to  
break the awful quiet.

Who ever heard of a useless cat?  
They're rarer and more impossible than  
honest politicians. Everything a cat  
does is some use if folks is only willin'  
to see it.

Every cat's got a destiny and ought  
to be allowed to fulfill it. Of course,  
they fulfill 'em in different ways. Some's  
destined to be taken care of and some's  
independent enough to go out on their  
own hook, and just for that the law  
calls 'em paupers and nals 'em up—  
doesn't say anything about the mom-  
mers. Come to think of it though, it's  
the mommers that need the sympathy  
as well as the paupers, for the way  
it is now any cat can get a divorce  
from his wife if he's been away more  
than five nights in succession—that is  
providin' he's willin' to support the  
kittens until they've reached their ma-  
jority. That's why there's so many  
grass widows and grass orphans pas-  
surin' around in back yards, which can  
always be told by their sad faces.

Some of these is great suffragettes

and very fond of speakin', which they  
do mostly at night because in the day  
time there's so much else goin' on that  
nobody'll listen to 'em. Sometimes  
you'll find 'em round the poles takin'  
notes at election time. These pole cats  
aren't as long winded as the north  
pole cats, who usually howl all through  
the night. They don't live very long,  
though, for as the nights are six  
months long they're pretty near dead  
by mornin'.

Like everything else it takes crises  
to bring out the good qualities in some  
cats. I remember once there was a  
fire in a condensed milk factory. Every-  
body else had been saved by a cat, who  
was lookin' down from a window on the  
fifty-fifth floor. The firemen were  
tryin' to raise the stream of water,  
thinkin' he might climb down on that,  
and the women were wringin' their  
hands and the men were bettin' on  
whether he'd jump or whether he  
wouldn't, or on what luck he'd have if  
he did, and wonderin' if his life was in-  
sured and what creed he belonged to  
and how many orphans he was goin'  
to leave, and the flames were gettin'  
nearer and nearer, when all at once  
there was a smash and the buildin'  
collapsed.

About three months later the excu-  
tators found him under some rubbish  
eatin' condensed milk. It's darn few  
people know the right time not to  
jump. Of course this goes to prove  
their marvellous judgment in emer-  
gencies on the one hand and their wonder-  
ful durability on the other.

Of course in a big city like Manhat-

tan there's bound to be lots of different  
creeds and things. There's Roosevelt  
cats that believe in havin' lots of chil-  
dren providin' you keep 'em all in one  
place, and then there's Mormon cats  
that believe in havin' lots of wives pro-  
vidin' you keep 'em all separated. Some  
is Predestinationists, who don't be-  
lieve in turnin' if anything's comin'  
at them, because if they're goin' to get  
hit they'll get hit anyhow. Then there's  
Transmigrationists, who realize there  
ain't much use worryin' about anything  
in particular, for as soon as they die  
they'll get translated into somethin'  
else, so they never kill rats or mice or  
cockroaches or things for fear they  
might eat up their great-grandfathers  
or somethin'. You can tell these be-  
cause they're always thin and lazy.

Then there's the fat, lazy kind, but  
they're Millionists, who don't worry  
much because they think that Heaven  
is inside yourself if you just know how  
to get it out. They usually hold their  
services for gettin' it out about one in  
the mornin', which is very conflictin'  
for the Suffragettes. Then there's  
Roaminists, who lead a very wanderin'  
life, and the Anti-Baptists, who don't  
believe in lettin' themselves get  
drowned if they can help it. They  
claim the reason folks drown kittens  
before their eyes is open is so's the kit-  
tens won't be able to recognize 'em if  
they should meet 'em in another world.

Worst of all is the Spiritualists—  
they're the ones you can't see when you  
open the window to find where the  
howlin's goin' on. They always come  
back after they've been killed, to sing  
sacred rites on the scenes of their  
former cathood. And now if there's 23,-  
000,000 untaxed cats in town, accordin'  
to the catcillions of one specialist,  
who are goin' to be executed, you've only  
to multiply that by eight to get some  
idea of what's goin' to happen when the  
Spiritualists all come back (this is  
allowin' that every cat has eight extra  
souls besides the one he's usin').

Anybody'll admit that a ghost's worse  
than a human because he can raise all  
kinds of devil and you can't get at him,  
and when 184,000,000 cat ghosts start  
raisin' the devil, it'll be a heap sight  
worse town than before the slaughterin'  
of the innocents. Folks'll have to sleep  
in noiseproof houses and stick cotton  
in their ears all the way from here to  
Chicago.

Two things is possible to happen that  
might save the town from such a direful  
impending doom. It may be that  
some philanthropist will endow the  
feline race with 23,000,000 paid up col-  
lars with their names and addresses

on, and so give every pauper or mom-  
mer, grass widow or grass orphan the  
rights of citizenship. Or what is more  
possible, some cat'll read this article  
when it gets flyin' around in a news-  
paper somewhere and learn the fate  
that threatens his people. Then, like  
Paul Revere, he'll go yellin' it around  
till forgettin' all their creeds they'll  
go skeddadin' across the Hudson some  
moonlight night to make their homes  
in an alien land. There'll be wakeful  
nights in old Manhattan then, till folks  
get used to sleepin' through the fearful  
silence that'll hang around.

### CUT RATE SOCIAL GLORY

"I live in an up to date elevator apart-  
ment on a cross street just off Riverside  
Drive, yet I pay at least \$10 a month less  
than my neighbors next door on the same  
street, who don't get one-quarter of the  
conveniences that I do," said a man who  
was discussing the peculiarities of New  
York rents and living conditions. "The  
reason my neighbors pay more is because  
they have a Riverside Drive address, al-  
though the real entrance to their house is  
on a numbered street, the same as mine  
is. I made this curious discovery re-  
cently when I was house hunting.

"It's like this: The address in the ad-  
vertisement that attracts the tenant takes  
him to a perfectly beautiful entrance of  
Riverside Drive. The seeker knows that  
he can't afford such elegance, but he and  
his wife take a look at the apartment  
anyway, just to feast their eyes.  
"If the man remarks regretfully that  
it's too rich for his blood, the superin-  
tendent or rental agent will lay a detain-  
ing hand on his coat sleeve. With a cer-  
tain air of mystery he will lead the home  
seekers through a labyrinth of narrow  
corridors that wind their way first east  
then south or north.

"They finally arrive at the apartment  
house on the side street, the one without  
elevators. The agent tells him that the  
address is so and so Riverside Drive, but  
if he wants to save time he can use the  
side entrance. The rent is a little high,  
but it is practically the same building, you  
know, and the privilege of having one's  
mail addressed to the swell entrance is a  
big thing in New York. It is worth the  
\$10 or \$15 a month extra, and more that  
makes up for the lack of elevators and  
other things. Therefore there is a waiting  
list for tenants who want to get the social  
glory at cut rate.

"The agent told me in a burst of con-  
fidence that few persons outside his line of  
business had any idea of the tremendous  
importance with which a swell residence  
address was regarded. I've seen my neigh-  
bors get off the subway at the same time  
I do, hold their heads high, puff out their  
 chests and stroll into their magnificent  
entrance like bored millionaires.



THE ANTI-BAPTIST CAT.



THE MILLENIUMIST CAT.